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AN IDYL OF  
BAR HARBOR  
BY

FREDERICK W. PEARSON.



NEW YORK:

THE WELLER PUBLISHING CO.

695 BROADWAY.





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FIRST VOLUME

MIÑON: A TALE OF LOVE AND INTRIGUE

*By Frederick W. Pearson*

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SECOND VOLUME

EUGENIA: A FRIEND'S VICTIM

*By Alton Hurlba (W. P. H.)*

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THIRD VOLUME

AN IDYL OF BAR HARBOR. A POEM

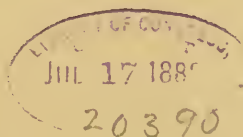
*By Frederick W. Pearson*

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No. 11

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THIS POEM  
IS INSCRIBED TO  
MISS NANNIE GARNETT EMORY  
AS A MEMENTO OF  
THE AUTHOR'S GREAT REGARD  
AND HIGH ESTEEM



# An Idyl of Bar Harbor.

---

A ROMANTIC POEM



Canto First.



EVENING.





## Evening.

### I.

AFLOAT upon a sea of liquid gold,  
'Mid isles of puffy clouds whose snowy white  
Is blended with the splendor round about,  
The stately sun at eve sails Westward ho!  
The mountain peaks grow rosy red anon.  
The waters in the bay like glass are smooth,  
And seem a duplicate of that bright sea  
From which they borrow every subtle charm.  
The billows, rolling restlessly beyond,  
Display a myriad hosts of diamonds;  
And every drop of spray converted is  
Into a jewel rare of brilliant hue,  
Contrasting with the oceanic blue.

### II.

All still and quiet seems God's pleasant earth,  
And never hath it been more beautiful;  
But yet all signs of life are not extinct,  
For yonder sails upon its broad-spread wings,  
With graceful sweep and perfect poise, a hawk;

While here a snow-white gull flies rapidly ;  
And from yon rock a score of petrels rise.  
But more in numbers and in size more huge,  
And most uncertain in their movements, are  
The boats, canoes, the yachts and ships afloat  
Upon the bosom of the slumb'ring bay ;  
For every able-bodied guest, methinks,  
From all Bar Harbor's well-stocked summer  
homes,  
Is out to revel in the splendor bright,  
As dying day gives birth to infant night.

## III.

And many barks are ladened happily  
With merry parties, adding cheer and life  
To this most gorgeous scene of splendid calm.  
Anon a rippling stream of laughter comes,  
Soft floating on the balmy breath of heaven ;  
And then, perchance, a pleasing strain of song ;  
While frequently is heard a steamer's whur.  
But these stray sounds break not the magic  
spell  
Of mystic charm far more than words can tell.

## IV.

But let us pass these partisans of mirth ;  
For, though it please us oft to note the warmth

Of youth's light-heartedness and manhood's  
wit,

There is a time when quiet thoughtfulness  
Befits more happily the passing hour;  
And such an hour, methinks, is eventide.  
Then let us note yon solitary man  
Within his light canoe, which easy strokes  
Propel with gentle speed and noiselessly.  
He lingers not amidst the restless fleet,  
But paddles far where billows roll and swell;  
Where solitude invites the weary mind,  
And lonely hearts a painful pleasure find.

V.

When lo! a soft sweet strain of melody  
Comes faintly, like a stray and wand'ring song  
An angel might have breathed while passing  
by.

It ceases; then he paddles on once more,  
Until, abreast a jutting point of land,  
He sees a dainty maiden sitting lone.  
Her fingers lightly draw from singing strings  
Delicious harmonies and melodies;  
And as he pauses, half unconsciously,  
To feast his hungry soul with these soft sounds,  
She looks on him and smiling sweetly, says:—  
“O lonely mortal, whither goest thou?”

Thy boat is small; the ocean's waves run  
high,  
And darkness soon on half the earth will lie."

## VI.

Before Lenado—for his name is such—  
Can frame reply, the maiden's voice he hears  
As she breathes forth in soothing strains this  
song:

## I.

Ah, stay with me,  
I love but thee;  
I long to rest upon thy breast;  
And I can tell  
Where pleasures dwell,  
Beyond the reach of mortal quest.

## 2.

So close thine eyes  
And Paradise  
Will greet thy sight before the night  
Shall pass away,  
And dawning day  
Reveals to man its pleasing light.

## 3.

For I'm a maid  
Of whom 'tis said,  
Her subtle charm doth bring no harm.  
So billows swell ;  
And sleep thou well,  
For I give thee my soothing balm.

## VII.

And as she pauses, lo! he sweetly sleeps,  
The rolling billows rocking quietly  
His frail canoe, while golden streams of light  
Transform him, seemingly, into a god.  
And as he sleeps he fondly dreams of love,  
And sees before him radiant maiden forms—  
Clad only in the mermaid's clinging robes  
Of sea-weed,—dancing, rollicking at will  
Upon the rolling surface of the sea.  
And all are wondrous fair to look upon ;  
And all are young ; and all unconscious seem  
That mortal man intrudes within their sphere.  
But when, anon, the sun sinks in the West,  
And they more brightly beam as it departs,  
They gather 'round the drifting, lost canoe  
And seem enraptured with the sleeping man,  
They lightly rest upon the dainty bark,  
And though a score or more in numbers, still

Their weight is nothing and the boat drifts on  
Unchecked, obedient only to the tide.

Some gather 'round his locks of raven black,  
Contrasting them with their own tresses  
    blonde;

Some drink sweet nectar from his healthful  
    lips,

Or vainly try to ope his closèd eyes;

Some fain to slumber on his heaving breast,  
And listen wond'ringly to each heart-beat.

But others seem content to feast their eyes,  
And stand upon the nearest billow's top,  
And blend their voices in sweet harmony.

Lenado seems to see and seems to feel

Each pretty form, each gentle touch, and  
    through

His heart sensations pleasing thrill and bound—  
But still he slumbers quietly and sound.

### VIII.

When lo! there is a far and distant blast,  
As though some god breathed forth a trumpet  
    call;

And every maiden instantly responds  
With loud and welcome songs of jubilee.  
They leave Lenado and his frail canoe,  
And speed across the waters, till there is



A line of brightness reaching e'en the spot  
Where sea and sky are blended. Then there  
comes,  
Upon the breath of infant night, this song:—

1.

We give thee welcome, Queen of Night;  
We love thy pure and silv'ry light;  
We bow in humbleness of mien  
To our beloved and gentle Queen.

2.

It is our custom, thou dost know,  
Upon thy coming to bestow  
Whatever we have chanced to see,  
Which will of value be to thee.

3.

And while this eve we danced and sung,  
And from the golden sunbeams hung,  
We saw this mortal, fearlessly  
Asleep upon the rolling sea.

4.

And now we offer him, O Queen—  
A gift more rare has never been—  
To please thy fancy; give delight  
To thee throughout this peaceful night.

## IX.

And as they cease, the queen's sweet smiling  
face

Arises 'bove the waters in that spot  
To which the line of mermaids seems to reach.  
Her silv'ry lustre bathes the peaceful sea;  
Adorns each wave with myriad diamonds;  
Fills all the air with mystic, magic charm,  
Transforming prosy earth into a world  
Of rare poetic beauty, love and peace.  
She gazes on the sleeping mortal's face;  
Observes its lines of nobleness and woe,  
And feels compassion, as she reads his past.  
"Wake not this dreamer," she begins, "for he  
Has walked a rough and stony path in life.  
He loves, O Mermaids, one of many charms,  
Whose heart is cold to all his pleading words.  
She revels thoughtlessly in dance and play  
Within the social halls of yonder town,  
While he, with breaking heart, has sought to  
dull

The pangs of unrequited love in this  
Far distant spot of quiet loneliness.  
And here my handmaid, Sleep, hath given him  
Her soothing balm to rest his troubled mind.  
Then wake him not; but gather 'round me  
here,

And list, for I've a plan for sport to-night.  
Lenado, as he sleeps, looks not unlike  
A god, his face so wondrous handsome is;  
And we'll make use of his unhappy love  
To give us sport, and will repay it well  
By making all things right at early dawn."  
Now she dispatches her most trusty page,  
Well weighted with her duties to perform—  
Lenado resting still in perfect calm.



Canto Second.

---

MIDNIGHT.





## Midnight.

### I.

THE waltz is over. Edith stands alone,  
And gazes wistfully into the night.  
Her cheeks are flushed from dancing, and her  
heart

Is longing for a face she may not see  
Among the merry men at Rodick's Ball—  
A face more handsome far than any here.  
In fancy now she sees the pleading look  
Which filled his eyes, and hears his trembling  
voice

As he besought her, oh, so tenderly!  
To be his bride and fill his life with joy.  
And she refused him coldly, heartlessly.  
But yet she loves him; yea, she even now  
Is wond'ring where her lover may have gone,  
For surely she had seen him all alone  
Within his frail canoe at sunset time;  
But now 'tis close to midnight, yet he stays  
She knows not where and fears some accident.

She sees the moon's pale, placid face, and  
thinks:—

“O thou, the lover's friend time out of mind,  
Seek out Lenado, wheresoe'er he be,  
And tell him that my sorrow knows no bounds,  
Remembering my cruel heartlessness.  
Tell him, O Queen, I love him; love him more  
Than ever maiden loved. And, O pale moon,  
If he is safe and still has love for me,  
Pray show a sign that I may feel less pain;  
That I may hope he'll come to me again.”

## II.

Now long and dreamily she lets her eyes  
Roam restlessly among the heavenly orbs,  
While ever tender thoughts pass through her  
mind

And stir her heart with pangs of self-reproach.  
When lo! a falling star attracts her gaze,  
And she exclaims—“He thinks, he thinks of  
me!

Oh, would I were a spirit of the night,  
On noiseless wings to take my rapid flight,  
That I might join him, wheresoe'er he be,  
On land, on bay or on the rolling sea.  
For I to him my love would fain impart,  
And lay before his feet my broken heart.”

## III.

As thus she speaks, as though a captive held  
In some strange trance, unheedful where she  
    steps,  
She seeks the rocky shore, where boist'rous  
    waves  
Leap joyfully and seem to welcome her.  
Unconscious how she came, yet full aware  
Of where she is, she pushes swiftly on  
Along the stony beach, 'round jutting points,  
Until she sits exhausted on a rock,  
Which guards the entrance to a gloomy cave.  
The ocean waves, all sparkling with the rays  
Of that fair queen who rules and sways its tides,  
Break savagely upon the rugged cliffs,  
And fling vast clouds of spray into the air;  
While some, more mighty, roll resistlessly  
Into the yawning cavern dark and deep,  
And shake its huge foundations; wake its store  
Of deep-mouthed echoes by their thunder roar.

## IV.

The pale moon smiles as she beholds the maid,  
Whose heart she has thus passionately brought  
To feel the pangs of keen and deep remorse;  
And seemeth pleased, for all doth promise well.  
But Edith notes the constant rolling sea,

And feels her love more tender, evermore  
She sighs and prays, then prays and sighs again.  
At length, half dreamily, she lifts her voice  
In invocation to the spirits blest,  
Which lie within the bosom of the sea.

“Roll, roll, roll,  
Ye waves of mighty ocean;  
Roll, roll, roll,  
Proclaiming my devotion;  
For as ye roll eternally,  
Ye monster spirits of the sea,  
E'en so my heart beats fervently  
For one I fear is lost to me.”

Then drops her head upon her heaving breast,  
And she remains in silent, peaceful rest.

V.

A gentle breeze with dainty touch doth kiss  
The sleeping lips which breathed those words  
of love;  
And flying swiftly o'er the billowy waves,  
It lightly plays about Lenado's lips,  
Transmitting all the sweetness of those words  
Into his slumbering mind; whereat he says,  
As one doth often speak while slumbering:—

“Blow, blow, blow,  
Ye winds with sweetness laden;  
Blow, blow, blow,  
To her, my lovely maiden;  
And tell her truly, gentle wind,  
That peace at length doth fill my mind,  
For, though on earth she is unkind,  
In Heaven her pleasure I will find.”

## VI.

Now soundly, yea more soundly still he sleeps,  
And she upon the rocky shore likewise;  
While from her throne the queen looks down  
and smiles  
Alike on each heart-broken suppliant.  
When both, as by one impulse stirred, breathe  
forth,  
Unknown to one another, these fond words:—

“Love, love, love,  
Rule thou my life forever;  
Love, love, love,  
Ah leave, ah leave me never;  
For all dark clouds which bring me woe,  
By thy warm light are made to glow  
With heavenly lustre, none may know  
Without thine aid in earth below.”

## VII.

And now in sweet oblivion each is lost ;  
While stronger blows the chilly midnight wind  
To waft Lenado's craft toward the beach.  
And higher rises now the ocean's tide  
About the rock whereon the maiden sleeps.  
It penetrates into the dark'ning cave,  
And ever louder roars more threat'ningly.  
Its foamy crests now break about her feet,  
As she, unconscious, rests in peacefulness ;  
Sometimes the whitened spray doth wet her  
dress,

And often show'rs her hand, so soft and white.  
At length there comes a billow monstrous high,  
With rumbling roar and seething, foaming  
flood.

It sparkles in the silv'ry light as though  
It were a king of billows, crowned with gems,  
And girt on every side by countless hordes—  
A mighty army—come to storm the land,  
And break the power of rock and stony beach  
Upon the shallows, lo ! with victory,  
It strikes ; then leaps with speed unchecked  
Toward the rock which guards the cavern's  
mouth.

Unable now to move this sentinel,  
Much angered, yet unbroken, on it rides—

With Edith taken captive—to the cave,  
Where all its fearful magnitude of power  
Is centred in one final effort bold.  
On, on, it goes with speed as great as though  
A half the unbound ocean lay before.  
Its husky voice each moment louder grows;  
Its seething flood fills all the air with spray;  
When lo! with awful shock it strikes the rocks.  
The earth now trembles; e'en the cavern's sides  
Do seem to sway; while on the midnight air  
The voice of thunder penetrates as far  
As to the limits of eternity.  
But not a rock doth fall, and with that roar  
The monster billow's power is spent and gone.  
Shame-faced it cowers back into the sea,  
And hides its head beneath the coming crests  
Of other billows doomed to like defeat.  
And as the cave the victory hath won,  
It claims all spoils with which the billow came,  
And consequently holds the trembling form  
Of Edith, frightened much, but free from harm.

## VIII.

For many moments she unconscious lies,  
Still wrapt in that oblivion known as sleep.  
The waves about her roar and toss their spray  
Upon her placid face, yet wakes she not.

The deep-mouthed echoes of the cave are  
stirred

And often shake the very rocks, so great  
Their power is; but still she slumbers sweet.  
A darkness, black as unlit midnight, reigns  
Within this foul, unholy resting-place;  
But lo! about the maiden as she sleeps  
A strange, unearthly glow may now be seen.  
Her face with untold beauty it illumines;  
It magnifies her stature many folds;  
And gathers 'bout her head, as though a  
cloud

Of golden splendor crowned her loveliness.  
These transformations wake her not; but she  
Arises, standing like a stately queen,  
And, though still sleeping, mistress of the  
scene.

### IX.

When lo! a frail canoe, all made of gold  
Apparently, rides in upon the crests  
Of billowy waves, all white with boiling foam.  
It passes swiftly by the standing form  
Of sleeping Edith unobserved, and strikes  
With gentle force the farthest distant point  
Within the blackness of this gloomy cave.  
It quickly overturns, depositing



Its royal cargo on the dripping rocks ;  
And then as swiftly makes a sure retreat  
Upon the billows suffering defeat.

## X.

Lenado, thus bereft of his canoe  
And waking suddenly, doth find himself  
Apparently alone within the cave.  
He, too, is crowned with clouds of brilliancy,  
Which, also, change his physiognomy,  
Transforming him into a mighty god  
Of vast proportions, grand and beautiful.  
He is awake, but knoweth not that he  
Is aught but poor Lenado, sad of heart ;  
And, leaning 'gainst the dripping rocks, he  
sighs,  
And wonders how he came into the cave ;  
Bemoans the loss of his unfriendly boat ;  
Recalls his dreams of mermaids, fair and  
kind,  
And, longing eagerly to dream again,  
He drops his head upon his rocky bed.  
By some strange chance his eyes fell not  
upon  
The other inmate of this weird abode ;  
And so he sleeps again, not twenty feet  
From her, whose love he did so oft entreat.

## XI.

And now the water rises higher still,  
And gurgles 'bout the feet of Edith, as  
Most statue-like she stands unconsciously.  
As one will often walk in sleep and shun  
Some danger threat'ning, so she onward steps  
Before the ever-rising salty tide.  
At length she reaches where Lenado sleeps,  
And, noting not his presence, doth recline  
Upon the self-same rock whereon he lies,  
Removed from him by not the breadth of one  
Of her most white and dainty little hands.  
Thus side by side they rest, while wave on wave  
Comes thund'ring in this most romantic cave.

Canto Third.

---

MORNING.



## Morning.

### I.

AND now it chanced an old and snowy owl—  
Who had for countless years inhabited  
This cavern wild, and who this night had been  
Abroad for food and bold, adventurous sport—  
Returning, saw the fair intruders, bathed  
In light so strong it pained his gloomy eyes.  
“In sooth,” quoth he, “a most unhallowed spot  
For maid so fair and man so brave to rest.  
Unhappy fates indeed must persecute  
The human heart, if lovers needs must seek  
Such unpropitious rendezvous as this.  
And rightly think they none may here intrude  
To break the magic spell of mutual love.  
But I will seat me here upon this ledge  
And thus gain knowledge in the mystic lore.”  
And so he silently doth watch and wait;  
But soon impatient grows as neither moves.  
“Alas,” quoth he, “they are exhausted both,  
And sleep oblivious holds perfect sway;  
Or else some stupefying spell deprives

Their guilty minds of power to know their joy.  
But I will wake them, if, perchance, I may."  
And suiting now the action to the thought,  
He screeches wildly, stirring echoes which  
E'en thund'ring waves unable were to rouse.  
Much like the cry a spirit damned might breathe  
When doing penance for a sin-cursed life,  
Did sound the awful screech of this foul bird.  
And lo! the lovers wake with frightful shock,  
And, trembling, stand upright upon their bed  
Of jagged rock; and staring wond'ringly  
Each in the other's face, yet knowing not  
On whom they gaze, for still the magic spell  
Doth mask their features, all, alas, too well.

## II.

She looks on him and sees a splendid god,  
More fair than ever maiden's eyes beheld;  
And he beholds in her a vision rare  
Of queenly beauty never known before  
All speechless, breathless, wondering they  
stand,  
Forgetful wholly of their former loves;  
Forgetting everything except the wild,  
Ungoverned passion in their hearts,  
And are about to seek a warm embrace,  
When lo! the owl, unable to restrain

His feelings, cries aloud:—"For shame! for shame!"

Whereat they pause and each remembers then  
That other heart for which each heart doth  
ache.

The rock whereon they stand no larger is  
Than well to hold two human forms, and 'round  
Its base the angry waves both boil and foam;  
So they must needs in close proximity  
Await the end of this fatality.

III.

And so the night wears on, each watching each,  
And ever stronger grows this new-born love;  
While yet the voice of duty doth forbid.  
"O kindly Fates," at length the maiden cries,  
"Take from mine eyes this vision tempting me.  
O take me far from this unholy spot;  
Unchain my heart from these new bonds of love;  
Befriend thy child, O Fate, for yonder god  
Doth chain my every thought, my very soul."  
Like music sounds her voice upon his ear,  
And charms him, till he doth forget again  
His fair fond Edith whom he did adore.  
And burning with a love ungovernable,  
He flings himself before her feet and cries:—  
"O queenly vision, pure and beautiful!"

O radiant maiden tormented to please a god!  
O angel from a better world than this!  
Confide to me thy tender, loving heart,  
And let us drink this cup our lips do touch."  
"Nay, nay!" cries she. "Begone and tempt  
me not.

I am not free, my heart I may not give.  
Ah! pray begone; take thou thine eyes from  
me."

But he more ardent grows at this repulse,  
And breathes a sigh of pain, so real and deep,  
That she is moved and feels so drawn to him  
That she unconsciously doth nearer step.  
Quite mad with passion, now, he gains his feet,  
And whispers gently in her eager ear:—  
"Thou can'st not longer bid me pause, O come!  
One more repulse would drive me mad indeed."  
And she, as wildly passionate as he,  
Resisting not, forgetting thus again  
Her duty stern, doth smile a sweet consent.  
And he, as quick as thought, doth stretch his  
arms

To there enfold her, when the owl once more  
Breathes forth his warning. "Shame! for  
shame!" says he,  
When lo! they separate immediately.



IV.

Exhausted now they sink upon the rocks,  
Their hearts by wild, conflicting passions  
stirred;

Their minds at work to reason with their  
hearts.

And furtively their eyes are wandering  
About the gloomy and malarious cave.  
From every jagged point the water drops,  
And all the hollows of the rocks are filled  
With water, while the waves still roar and leap,  
Although not now as fiercely as before,  
Because the tide has turned and slowly ebbs.  
The captive lovers note this change of tide,  
And also mark a line of rosy red  
Upon the distant horizon, as seen  
From through the cavern's amply yawning  
mouth.

And though they feel relieved to think escape  
Will soon be possible, still loath are they  
To put aside this new-born ardent love.  
They see each other not, nor speak a word,  
And yet their sympathy of feeling seems  
Uniting them as though their hearts were one.  
And thus the morning slowly dawns, while  
they  
All silently both watch and wait, and pray.

## V.

And now the sun arises from the sea,  
A flaming ball of deepest crimson, girt  
By brilliant clouds in odd, fantastic shapes.  
The placid moon has now no mystic spell,  
And night's enchantment flies as day appears.  
Where dreamy shadows clothed romantic spots,  
All now stands out in naked bold relief.  
And, likewise, as the day draws nigh, the charm,  
Which so bewitched the lovers, doth depart  
And leaves them able now to see aright.  
And yet the memory of bitter-sweet,  
Of painful joy, which filled their hearts with  
    woe,  
Remains to haunt them as an evil dream.  
Although the waters have departed now,  
And left the pathway clear toward the beach,  
Still move they not, for each doth fear to gaze  
Upon the other's face, lest once again  
They should be tempted by the power of love.  
And yet their hearts are warmed by longings  
    deep,  
As silently they watch and wait and weep.

## VI.

Ere long, as by one impulse stirred, they rise,  
And boldly gaze each on the other's face.

The charm has fled, and Edith now beholds  
Lenado's wan and troubled countenance ;  
As he in turn doth see his fair, fond love,  
With trembling form and pale as pallid death.  
The smallest part of half a second they,  
In ecstasy resembling heavenly bliss,  
In wonder look each in the other's eyes.  
And now, restraint all gone and fear all fled,  
Their duty and their passion seeming blent,  
The owl unfit to see in broad daylight,  
They fall into each other's arms and weep  
A world of pent-up feelings, tenderly  
And thankfully repeating words of love.  
Oblivious, now, they rest in perfect peace,  
All sorrow gone, all joys to but increase.

## VII.

How many hours thus flew away, who knows?  
Suffice it then to say, that ere the tide  
Again rose high, before the sun had reached  
Its zenith, they, with tardy, faltering steps,  
She resting heavily upon his arm,  
He walking proudly, beaming with delight,  
In safety reached the stony beach ; where lo !  
A mass of frightened people met their gaze.  
For truth to tell the news was widely spread  
That Edith and Lenado both were lost.

And when, thus arm in arm, they do approach,  
Their garments soaked with salty brine, and  
yet

Unharm'd and flushed with happiness, the joy  
Of these enraptur'd guests doth know no  
bounds.

Some shout and cheer; some weep in unre-  
straint;

Some fling their caps into the air and scream;  
Some stand in utter, blank amazement, and  
With difficulty realize the truth.

And when the first astonishment has fled,  
They gather 'round this most romantic pair,  
And eagerly demand a full account  
Of how and where they spent the night. But  
not

A word escapes their lips, as slowly they  
Press through the curious and baffled throng.  
And murmurs of distrust and scorn are heard,  
As these old gossips find themselves outdone;  
While many surmise this; imagine that;  
And pass opinion on these reckonings  
Before they know if right or wrong they judge.  
But when a wedding is announced, ere long,  
And all the tale is known to old and young,  
There's not a man or woman, boy or maid,  
So wanting sentiment as to complain.

And ne'er before did bride receive such gifts  
Of costly rare magnificence and worth;  
No wedding ever yet attended was  
By such a numerous and kindly host;  
And seldom has there been a happier pair  
Launched forth into the very life of lives—  
He best of men, and she the best of wives.

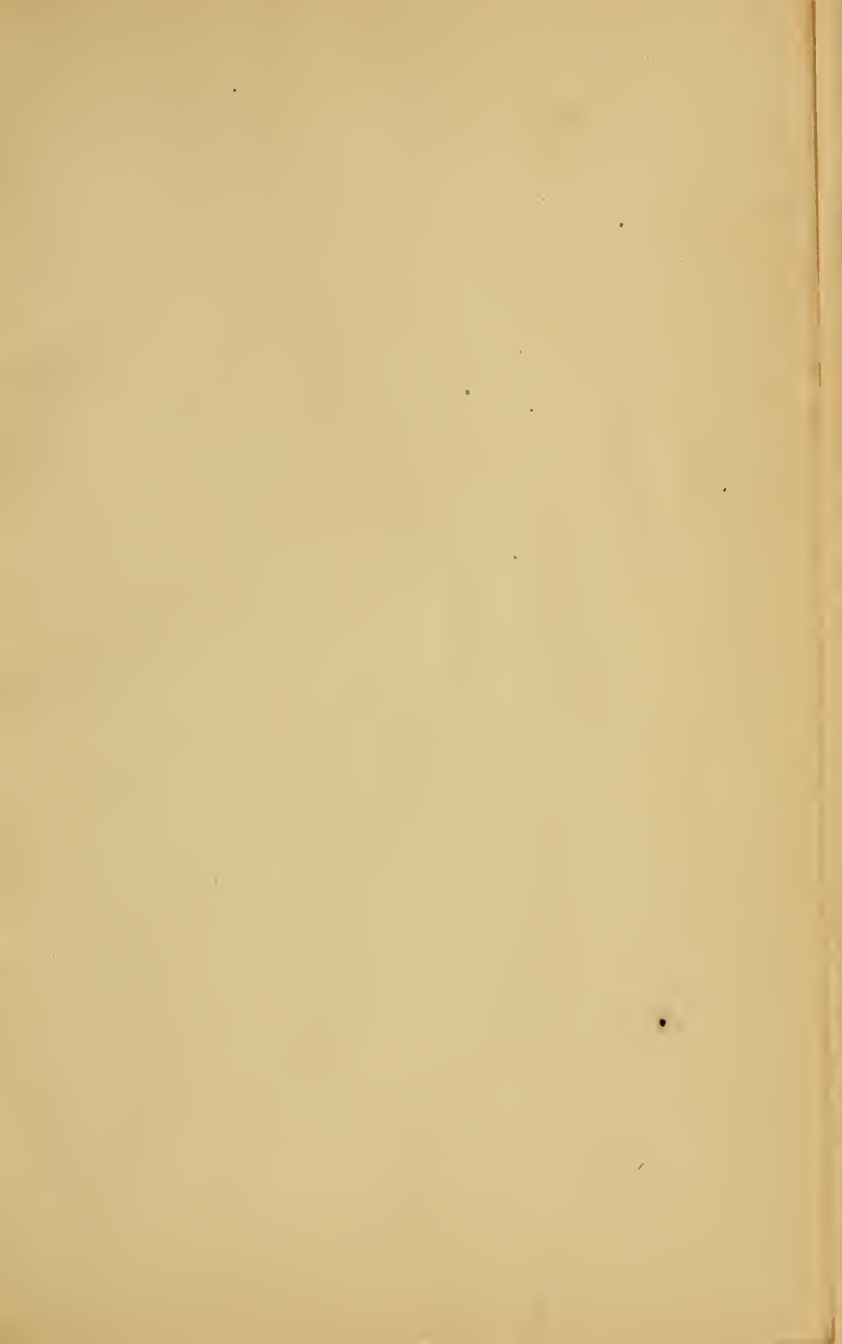
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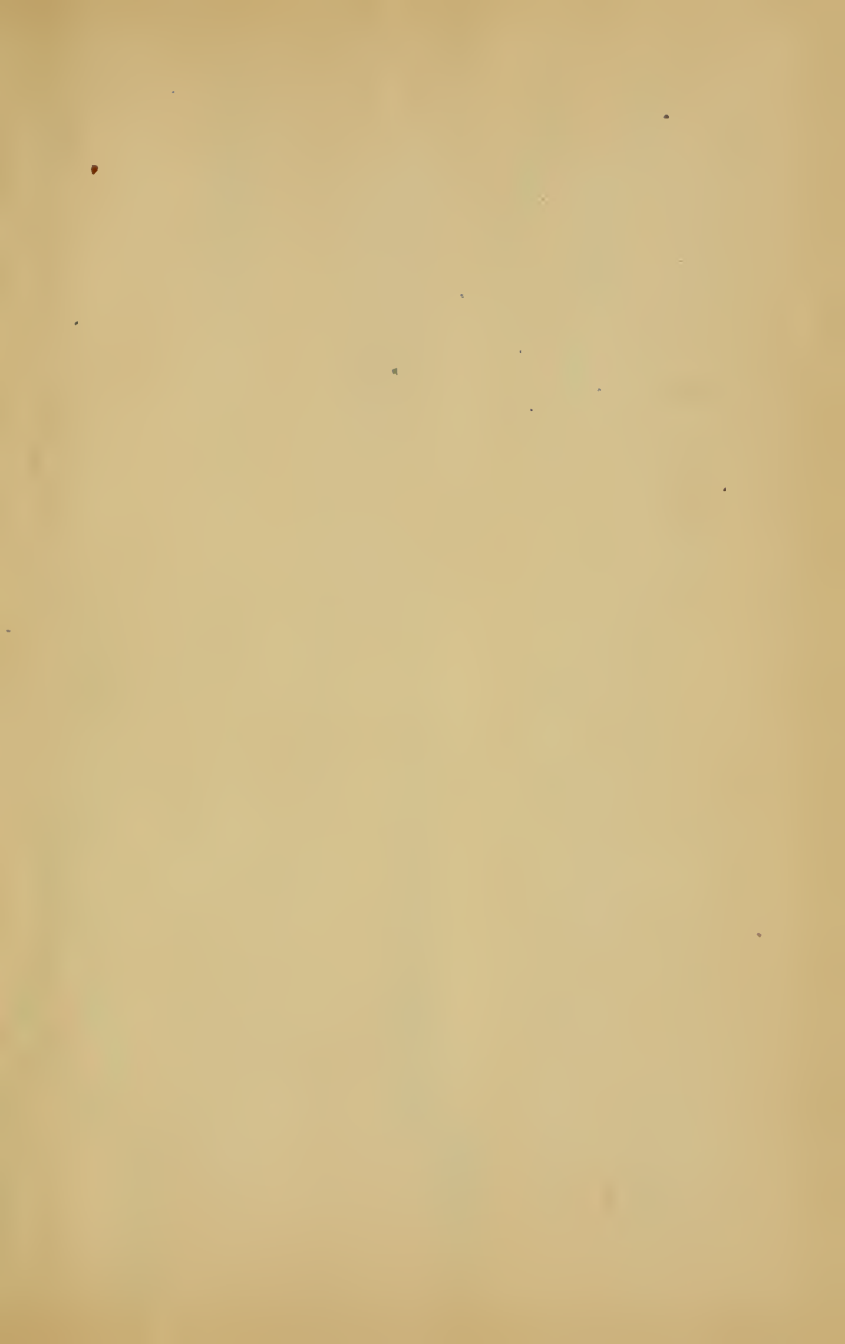


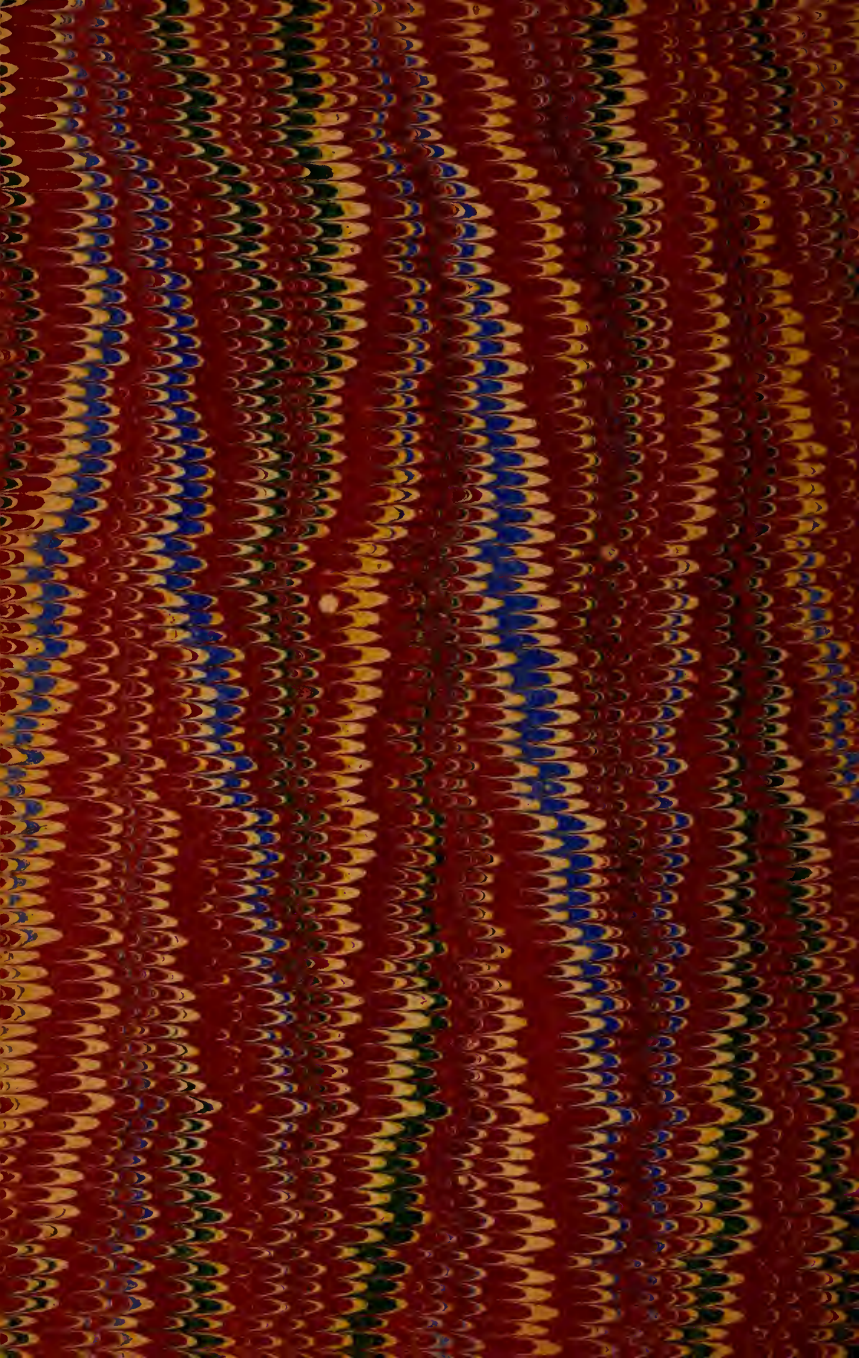
















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